

The woman who mingles her hat and looks for it in her purse, among other impossible places, is very like the physician who looks in all sort of impossible places for the cause of a disease. The heart begins to beat irregularly and straightway there is an examination of the heart to find what is interfering with it. The liver gives trouble, and is dosed with drugs and pounded with pills to bring to light the cause, until all the time the cause of the trouble is in the stomach.



The intimate connection of the stomach with the heart and the other vital organs, necessarily results in the sympathy of these organs with any derangement of the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition.

"I had been a great sufferer for several years, and my family doctor said I could not be a living man in two years, but, thank God, I am still living," writes Mr. George W. Truett, of Lipscomb, Augusta Co., Va. "Mr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is what saved my life. I had heart trouble so bad that I could not lie on my left side without a great deal of pain. I was nearly past work when I commenced your medicine, but I can do about as much work now as any man. I cannot say too much for the benefit I have received."

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, the "Bible of the body," is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only, for edition in paper covers, or 31 stamps for cloth-bound edition. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

In His Eyes.

Sometimes a deaf man gives an answer which makes a wonderfully close hit, although he has totally misunderstood the question.

"Is your son's bride a pretty girl?" asked an old lady of a penurious and very deaf old gentleman whose son had recently married the daughter of a prosperous grocer.

"No," said the old man calmly, "she isn't, but she will be when her father dies."

His Serious Mistake.

"I will sell my life dear!" cried the contributor to the belligerent editor of the comic page.

The latter smiled coldly. "I see," he replied, "you think your life is a good joke."

And then the contributor handed his exit by way of the great pneumatic door. — *Canada City Independent.*

Vaccinated the Rifles.

Orders that were issued by the German West African officials that all firearms in the hands of natives should be stamped and registered aroused much discontent. Lieutenant Eggers, in Damaraland, however, got along with no trouble. He had inoculated cattle for the rinderpest three years before, as the Damaras saw, with good results. He therefore announced that he was ready to vaccinate their rifles as well as to insure their shooting straight and doing no hurt to their owners and the Damaras crowded to him to get their guns stamped.

His Share.

Judge—Was the stolen article gold or only gilt?
Prisoner—It was silver, son. The gilt was all my own, yer honor! — *Jewelers' Weekly.*

Canada has a forest area estimated at 1,250,000 square miles, or 800,000,000 acres, the largest forest area, so far as the woods of commerce are concerned, of any country of the world. Its forest production is \$55,000,000 annually.

When a wise prophet predicts the end of the world, he invariably puts it so far in the future that no one he knows will live to contradict him. — *Chicago Tribune.*

A man with a family to support can never understand why all the old bachelors are not millionaires. — *Atchison Globe.*

The Clever Spider.

One of my friends was accustomed to graze his sheep to a number of garden spiders under a vacant veranda and to watch their habits. One day a sharp storm broke out, and the wind raged so furiously through the garden that the spiders suffered damage from it, although sheltered by the veranda. The manyhairs of one of these webs, as the sailors would call them, were broken so that the web was blown litter and nothing like a slack sail in a storm.

"The spider made no fresh threads, but tried to help itself in another way. It let itself down to the ground by a thread and crawled to a place where lay some splintered piece of a wooden fence, thrown down by the storm. It fastened a thread to one of the bits of wood, turned back with it and hung it with a strong thread to the lower part of its nest, about five feet from the ground. The performance was a wonderful one, for the weight of the wood sufficed to keep the nest tolerably firm, while it was yet light enough to yield to the wind and so prevent further injury. The piece of wood was about 2½ inches long and as thick as a goose quill.

"On the following day a careless servant knocked her head against the

wood, and it fell down. But in the course of a few hours the spider mended her web, broke the supporting thread in two and let the wood fall to the ground." — *Our Animal Friends.*

Tactful Messenger Boy.

"One of the beautiful traits in the make up of Washington messenger boys," said a railroad man who lives in Washington, "is their tactfulness." I think otherwise. They are chock full of and loaded down with tact—with the copper on. To illustrate:

"My wife went over to New York a few weeks ago to attend the bedside of a seriously ill relative, who was not expected to live. This morning I was sitting in my office, wondering why I hadn't got a letter from her by the first mail, when a tondie-headed messenger boy joggled open the door.

"Where'll I find de office o' Mr. —?" he asked, mentioning my name.

"Right here, son," said I. "You're talking to him."

"Well," said the kid, measuring me up with the probable expectation that I'd do a stage back fall. I've got a death message for you, an they told me at th' office that it was important."

"Nee, mild, tactful way of putting it, wasn't it? He just left it up to me to wonder, while I was rippin' the envelope open, whether the message announced the death of our aged relative or the decease of my wife. It happened to be the former, but I am inclined to believe that that boy would have been just a bit better pleased had it been the latter." — *Washington Post.*

A Bit of Superstition.
One of the most liberally patronized of the Pennsylvania's many passenger trains is the St. Louis express, which leaves the Broad street station each afternoon at 4:20 o'clock. The regular gate for the train is No. 14, but at this season of the year the rush of people to get aboard is so great it becomes necessary to open two gates. No. 13 being the nearest, it is the one selected.

The passenger happened to be in the station the other afternoon when the gates were thrown open. Instantly there was a rush for No. 14 and the crowd became jammed around it for a distance of 30 feet in each direction. Gate No. 13 was practically neglected.

"This way for the St. Louis express," called out the ticket puncher at the gate. "This way for the St. Louis express."

But, although his voice was good and loud, none of the passengers who were struggling around No. 14 seemed to hear it. Out of probably 100 well dressed, intelligent men and women the passenger saw but three leave the pushing throng around No. 14 and pass through No. 13. He asked the gate-man why it was.

"Don't know," was his answer, "except it's superstition. Afraid to start on a journey by passing through a gate with 13 as its number, I suppose. It's this way every time, and will be, I guess, as long as the number on the gate is left as it is. I believe that the most of the people would rather miss their train, if it came to that, than take chances with their superstitious fears. Funny, isn't it?" — *Philadelphia Inquirer.*

No Confessions.
Dance—No, I don't want it I have one encyclopedia already.
Concasser—But this is considered prime authority.
Dance—That's just the trouble. It would contradict my encyclopedia, with which I am now content, so that I should care for it no longer. No, thanks. Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to buy another book of reference. — *Boston Transcript.*

Former Brutality in War.
Before a battle in former times the priests solemnly devoted to the gods the whole of the hostile army then in sight, and, if possible, no man of it was left alive. A writer in The Nineteenth Century says that when Hannibal defeated the great host of Varus into the Forest depths all the Romans that escaped death in the battle were captured and led into the dark recesses, where every man of them was sacrificed upon hastily erected altars.

Latham, in his edition of Tacitus, quotes six contemporary authorities to show that this practice of concluding a victory with human sacrifices was customary among our Teutonic ancestors. Some crucified their prisoners, others hung them up to trees for archery practice, but in general a captive was either slain on the spot or else reserved to be sacrificed to the gods. Even when the progress of agriculture induced them to keep a majority of the prisoners alive to be slaves they appeased the gods for this indignity by increasing the tortures inflicted on the small remainder.

Carbon describes how, before the blazing altar, every hundredth man's arms were hacked off him and, before his eyes, thrown into the flames. All that a red Indian would have done last century was freely practiced by our ancestors of 12 centuries ago. And the highest ideal of a man then included, as a duty, dark cruelty and gruesome revenge against all his enemies.

Fish as Fighters.
The inhabitants of Cochis China and Siam have known the fighting capacity of a savage little fish for many years, and have long been in the habit of making matches between those owned by different men, just as Mexicans watch gamecocks and some Americans and Englishmen ball pups. When a match is made the parties to it having laid their bets bring their specimens of the fierce little Betta purpurina to a globe of water. Both are put into the globe and without a moment's hesitation they fly at each other and do not cease fighting until one of the combatants is killed by the other.

It is only a year or two since specimens of this fish were brought to Paris, but now many are owned in Paris, and it is said that the demand for good specimens is constantly on the increase. They are beautifully spotted with red and blue and would attract attention in any aquarium by their colors alone. The savage nature behind the beauty would hardly be suspected. — *Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Two Facts About Arbuckles' Coffee

It has set the standard of quality for all competitors for the last thirty years. The strongest claim any competitor can make is that his coffee is "just as good as Arbuckles'."

THREE CONCLUSIONS

The best Coffee is Arbuckles'. The only Coffee to buy is Arbuckles'. The right thing is to insist on having Arbuckles'.

<p>No. 72. A School Bag. 14 inches wide, 10 inches deep, made of kangaroo colored leather. Best post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 74. Noiseless Spring Tape Measure. Fifty feet long, 1½ inches wide, made of brass and steel. Best post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 76. Lady's Belt Buckle. Silver plated, ornate design. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 5 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 78. An Album of Illustrated Natural History. Fifty colored pictures of animals selected for their beauty and rarity. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 80. A Spring Balance Scale. Will weigh from one ounce to 50 pounds. Sent by express, charges prepaid by us, on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 200 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. With carrying case and 250 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>
<p>No. 73. Scholars' Companion. A most useful article for school children. Handy pocket-sized book with 1000 words and key, containing definitions, pronunciation, and rules and notes. Sent post-paid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 75. A Fifty Feet Measuring Tape. A very handy article in the house, made of brass and steel. Fifty feet long, 1½ inches wide. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 77. Telescope Drinking Cup. This article is protected from rain and wind by its unique construction. Made of brass and steel. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 79. Pepper and Salt Holders. Made of German Silver without stain of joint except where top screw on and off. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 81. Men's Suspenders. Elastic Web Suspenders, made of kangaroo, durable, neat, well-mounted. Sent post-paid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>
<p>No. 82. Barber Swing Strop. A double strop, one of leather and one of canvas, bound together. Length 18 inches, width 2½ inches. Sent post-paid on receipt of two cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 83. A Table Cover. Handsome cloth, variegated design, with fringe, 27 inches wide, 54 inches long. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>Any one Book of the following List will be sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from the wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p> <p>No. 84. A ONE NIGHT MYSTERY, and two other great Detective Stories, by "M. J. RAYNOLDS."</p> <p>No. 85. ADVENTURES OF A BASHFUL BACHELOR, by Clara Andrews, a most revealing story.</p> <p>No. 86. TEMPTED AND SURPRISED, A Novel by Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. The most popular woman writer of fiction of the day.</p> <p>No. 87. THE SUNNYSIDE COOK BOOK, by Mrs. JENNIE HARTMAN. This is one of the most comprehensive, common sense Cook Books ever published.</p> <p>No. 88. OLD DECEITS AND NEW DISCOVERIES. This book tells the truth of the best tricks of knowledge and will be found both entertaining and useful.</p> <p>No. 89. THREE THOUSAND THINGS WORTH KNOWING, by J. M. GILBERT. A most interesting and useful book.</p> <p>No. 90. THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT, and other stories by HENRY J. RAYNOLDS.</p>		
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<p>No. 97. Eighty-one Gold Eyed Needles. Put up in a pretty tin case, with 80 needles, and made by the best English manufacturers. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 98. Hair-Pin Cabinet. A small box, lined with velvet, containing 100 Hair Pins, all made of the best steel, and with elegant designs. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 99. A Pocket Mirror and Comb. Set in best leather combination case, with white metal frame. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 100. Safety Pin Book. Contains twenty-four safety pins, all made of the best steel, and with elegant designs. Sent post-paid on receipt of 2 cent postage stamp and 10 signatures cut from wrappers of Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee.</p>	<p>No. 101. A Picture of the Signatures on Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee. This is a picture of the Signatures on Arbuckles' Roasted Coffee, which you are to cut out and send to us as a voucher. No other part of the Coffee Wrapper will be accepted as a voucher, nor will this picture be accepted as such.</p>

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